

# WESTERN HERO

AN ANNUAL PUBLICATION

ISSN 0090-0618



JOHN WAYNE



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ANNUAL  
**104**  
1994-1995

ANNUAL  
**THE  
HYPNOTIST!**

# WESTERN HERO

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A Fawcett Publication

BIG 52 PAGES



BILL BOYD



TOM MIX



MONTE HALE



GABBY HAYES



APRIL  
**10¢**  
NO. 89



IN THIS ISSUE:  
**THE  
HYPNOTIST!**

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#### RULES:

You must be an amateur. Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 inches high. Pencil or pen only. Good lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1955. None returned. Winners notified. If desired, send stamped, self-addressed envelope for list of winners.

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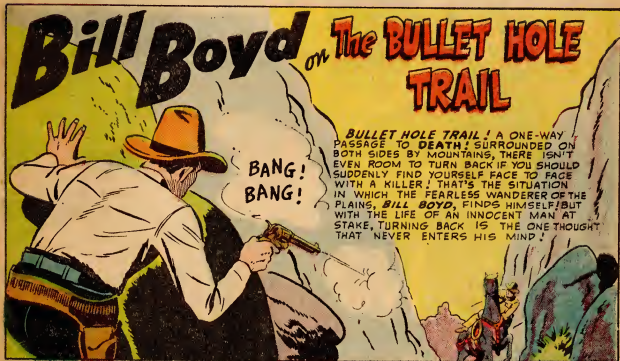
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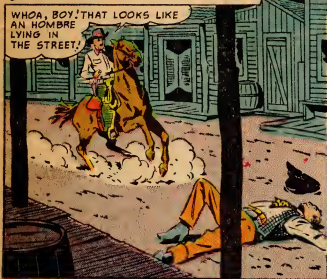
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President*



### LATE ONE NIGHT IN PRAIRIE JUNCTION....



WESTERN HERO, April, 1950, Vol. 15, No. 89, is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter Sept. 30, 1948, at the post office, Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1950 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Trademark of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Editorial and advertising offices, 67 W. 44th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y. Send remittances and letters concerning subscriptions, change of address, etc., to Circulation Dept., Fawcett Pl., Greenwich, Conn. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.20 in U. S., possessions and Canada. Foreign, \$1.70 in international money order, U. S. funds. Member Audit Bureau of Circulation, Printed in U. S. A.

**AT THE JAILHOUSE.....**



BUT YUH CAN'T LOCK ME UP, SHERIFF COBB! IF YUH DO I'M BOUND TO LOSE MY JOB!

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU GOT DRUNK!

**AS COBB STARTS TO PUT HIS PRISONER IN A CELL, BUCK HAMMER GRABS ONE OF THE SHERIFF'S GUNS, AND.....**



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY GUN?

I SAID YUH WEREN'T GOING TO LOCK ME UP AND I MEANT IT!

**BILL BOYD, THE WANDERING COWBOY, HAPPENS TO DRIFT NEARBY.....**



GUNSHOTS! AND THEY'RE COMING FROM THAT JAILHOUSE! WE'D BETTER GET RIGHT OVER THERE, MIDNITE!

**WHY IT'S SHERIFF COBB! WHAT HAPPENED?**



HE BROUGHT IN A PRISONER WHO GRABBED HIS GUN, SHOT HIM, AND ESCAPED THROUGH THE SIDE DOOR!

HE'S DISAPPEARED ALREADY! IN THIS DARKNESS, IT'D BE PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND HIM! MAYBE THAT OTHER PRISONER CAN DESCRIBE HIM!



**BACK IN THE JAILHOUSE.....**



I'M SORRY, MISTER, BUT IT WAS TOO DARK IN HYAR TO GET A REAL LOOK AT THE MURDERING COVOTE!

IT WOULD HAVE MADE THINGS MUCH EASIER IF YOU HAD SEEN HIM! THE ONLY OTHER THING TO DO IS WAIT TILL MORNING AND SEE IF ANYONE WITNESSED THE ARREST!

**THE NEXT DAY....**



I WISH I COULD STAY AND HELP YOU FIND THE SHERIFF'S MURDERER, DEPUTY, BUT I PROMISED A FRIEND OF MINE IN ULSTER VALLEY THAT I'D LEND A HAND ROUNDING UP HIS CATTLE!

I UNDERSTAND, BOYD! IT'S JUST TOO BAD THAT NO ONE SAW THE PRISONER WHEN SHERIFF COBB ARRESTED HIM!

# WESTERN HERO



I SHOULD BE FINISHED WITH MY JOB IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS, DEPUTY, SO I'LL MAKE A POINT OF COMING BACK THIS WAY AND IF YOU HAVEN'T CLEARED UP THE CASE BY THEN, MAYBE I CAN STILL LEND A HAND!

TWO WEEKS LATER....

DID YUH FIND SHERIFF COBB'S KILLER YET, DEPUTY?

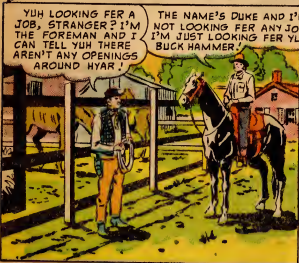
NO, DUKE! YUH SERVED YORE TIME AND YO'RE FREE, BUT TAKE MY ADVICE, IF YOU WANT TO STAY FREE, DON'T BUTT YORE NOSE INTO MATTERS THAT DON'T CONCERN YUH!



BUT THE SHERIFF'S KILLER DOES CONCERN ME! I TOLD BOYD THAT I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THE HOMBRE, BUT THAT WAS ONLY BECAUSE I FIGURED THE INFORMATION WAS WORTH MORE IF I KEPT IT TO MYSELF!



SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE LAZY J RANCH.....



YUH LOOKING FER A JOB, STRANGER? I'M THE FOREMAN AND I CAN TELL YUH THERE AREN'T ANY OPENINGS AROUND HYAR!

THE NAME'S DUKE AND I'M NOT LOOKING FER ANY JOB! I'M JUST LOOKING FER YUH, BUCK HAMMER!



FER ME?

DON'T YUH RECOGNIZE ME? I WAS LOCKED UP IN THE JAILHOUSE THE NIGHT YUH SHOT SHERIFF COBB AND ESCAPED!



SHHH! SOMEONE'S LIABLE TO HEAR YUH!

NO ONE WILL HEAR ME, PROVIDING YUH MAKE IT WORTH WHILE FER ME TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT!



I HAVE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE BANK! YUH CAN HAVE EVERY CENT OF IT!

THAT'S CHICKEN FEED! FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS WOULD BE MORE LIKE IT!



FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! BUT WHERE COULD I GET THAT MUCH MONEY?

I HEAR TELL YORE BOSS KEEPS THAT MUCH IN THE SAFE!



BUT I COULDN'T TAKE THE MONEY OUT OF THE SAFE! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE COMBINATION BESIDES THE BOSS! I'M BOUND TO BE BLAMED!

THAT'S YORE WORRY! IF YUH DON'T WANT ME TO TELL THE DEPUTY WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE SHERIFF'S MURDER, YUH BETTER SHELL OUT!



I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! I'LL GET YUH THE FIVE THOUSAND, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL IT GETS DARK!

I'LL GIVE YUH UNTIL DAWN! I'LL BE BACK FER THE DOUGH THEN AND YUH BETTER HAVE IT IF YUH WANT TO KEEP YORE HEAD OUT OF A NOOSE!



DAWN.....

HYAR'S YORE MONEY. NOW YUH BETTER VAMOOSE BEFORE ANYONE SEES YUH!

DON'T WORRY! I'M LEAVING RIGHT NOW! IT LOOKS AS IF A STORM'S BLOWING UP AND I DON'T WANT TO BE CAUGHT IN IT!



SHORTLY AFTER.....

I SURE PICKED A TERRIBLE DAY TO RETURN TO PRAIRIE JUNCTION! I PROMISED THE DEPUTY I'D RETURN AS SOON AS I FINISHED MY CATTLE JOB, BUT I DON'T THINK HE'D MIND IF I FOUND SHELTER IN THAT DESERTED LOOKING SHACK UNTIL THIS DUST STORM BLOWS OVER!



AS BILL ENTERS THE BROKEN-DOWN SHACK.....

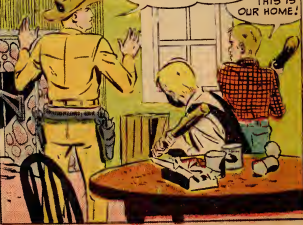
PUT YOUR HANDS UP IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

HUH?



WHY, IT'S JUST A COUPLE OF KIDS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT IN A DUST STORM, ANYWAY? YOU SHOULD BE HOME!

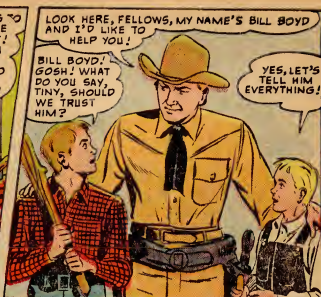
THIS IS OUR HOME!





THIS IS YOUR HOME?

THAT'S RIGHT, AND WE'RE GOING TO MAKE SURE NO ONE STEALS THE LITTLE FOOD WE HAVE LEFT! NOW THAT OUR FATHER'S IN JAIL FOR SOMETHING HE DIDN'T DO, WE'VE GOT NO ONE TO PROTECT US BUT OURSELVES!

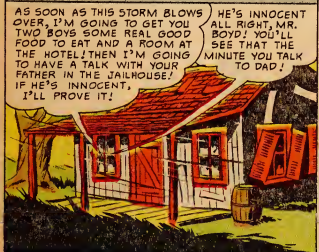


LOOK HERE, FELLOWS, MY NAME'S BILL BOYD AND I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU!

BILL BOYD! GOSH! WHAT DO YOU SAY, TINY, SHOULD WE TRUST HIM?

YES, LET'S TELL HIM EVERYTHING!

AND AFTER THE BOYS TELL BILL BOYD THEIR STORY...



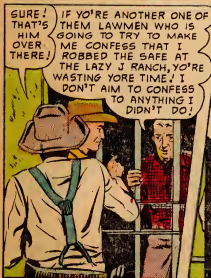
AS SOON AS THIS STORM BLOWS OVER, I'M GOING TO GET YOU TWO BOYS SOME REAL GOOD FOOD TO EAT AND A ROOM AT THE HOTEL! THEN I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOUR FATHER IN THE JAILHOUSE! IF HE'S INNOCENT, I'LL PROVE IT!

HE'S INNOCENT ALL RIGHT, MR. BOYD! YOU'LL SEE THAT THE MINUTE YOU TALK TO DAD!

LATER AT THE JAILHOUSE....

THE YOUNG DEPUTY IS STILL OUT LOOKING FOR SHERIFF COBB'S KILLER AND HE'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOU'VE COME BACK TO HELP IN THE SEARCH!

WELL, WHILE I'M WAITING, I WONDER IF IT'D BE ALL RIGHT TO TALK TO ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS, LEM BACKER?



SURE! IF YOU'RE ANOTHER ONE OF THEM LAWYERS WHO IS GOING TO TRY TO MAKE ME CONFESS THAT I ROBBED THE SAFE AT THE LAZY J RANCH, YOU'RE WASTING YORE TIME! I DON'T AIM TO CONFESS TO ANYTHING I DIDN'T DO!

TAKE IT EASY, LEM! MY NAME'S BILL BOYD AND I'M NOT HERE TO MAKE YOU CONFESS ANYTHING! FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR SONS, WHOM I JUST CHECKED INTO THE LOCAL HOTEL WHERE THEY'LL GET THE BEST OF CARE, I'M GOING TO TRY TO HELP YOU IF I CAN!

IF YUH HELPED MY BOYS, YUH MUST BE ALL RIGHT! MAYBE YUH CAN HELP ME AFTER I TELL YUH MY STORY!

THINGS HAVE BEEN PRETTY TOUGH FER US EVER SINCE MY WIFE DIED TWO YEARS AGO! WITH NO HELP AND TWO LITTLE BOYS TO TAKE CARE OF, I COULDN'T PROPERLY TEND TO OUR SMALL PIECE OF LAND SO I GOT A JOB WORKING ON THE LAZY J RANCH!





THE PAY WAS SMALL BUT WE MANAGED UNTIL A STORM PRACTICALLY WRECKED OUR HOUSE.....

I'M AFRAID IT WOULD COST AT LEAST TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS TO FIX UP YORE HOUSE, LEM!

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! THAT'S A HEAP OF MONEY, BUT MAYBE THE BOSS OF THE LAZY J RANCH WILL LEND IT TO ME! I COULD PAY HIM BACK BY WORKING FOR HIM!

WELL, WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE LAZY J, I FOUND THAT THE BOSS HAD GONE AWAY FER A WEEK AND THE FOREMAN, BUCK HAMMER, WOULDN'T LET ME HAVE THE MONEY!

'AT LEAST HE WOULDN'T LET ME HAVE IT WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM IN THE MORNING, BUT THAT AFTER-NOON.....

I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT THAT LOAN, LEM! YUH CAN HAVE THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHEN YUH GET THROUGH WORKING YUH CAN TAKE IT OUT OF THE SAFE YORESELF. I'LL LEAVE THE SAFE OPEN!

GOSH, BUCK! I CAN'T THANK YUH ENOUGH!



\* WELL, WHEN I FINISHED MY CHORES I WENT TO THE SAFE AND TOOK OUT THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS JUST AS BUCK HAD TOLD ME TO DO! THEN I RODE INTO TOWN TO FIND THE CARPENTER! BUT AS I ENTERED THE TOWN.....

THERE HE IS, DEPUTY! THERE'S THE VARMINT WHO JUST ROBBED THE LAZY J RANCH OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! ARREST HIM!

WHAT ARE YUH TALKING ABOUT, BUCK? YUH SAID I COULD BORROW TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS AND THAT'S ALL I TOOK! IN FACT, YUH EVEN LEFT THE SAFE OPEN FER ME!

THAT'S A LIE! I NEVER SAID YUH COULD BORROW ANY MONEY AND I NEVER LEFT THE SAFE OPEN IN MY LIFE! THE DEPUTY SAW THAT THE SAFE WAS CRACKED OPEN!

STAY WHERE YUH ARE, LEM! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH YUH!



OF COURSE THE DEPUTY FOUND THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS ON ME AND WHEN I AGAIN ADMITTED I HAD TAKEN IT FROM THE LAZY J SAFE, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE SUSPECTED I TOOK THE REST OF THE MONEY BUCK SAID WAS MISSING AND LOCKED ME UP. THAT'S THE WHOLE TRUTH, BILL, DO YUH BELIEVE ME?

YES, LEM, I DO!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY BUCK SHOULD HAVE DENIED THAT HE TOLD ME TO GO TO THE SAFE AND TAKE THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

NEITHER DO I, UNLESS HE HAD ALREADY REMOVED THE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS AND WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO BLAME IT ON!



I THOUGHT OF THAT! BUT HE KNEW THE COMBINATION TO THE SAFE. HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO CRACK IT OPEN!

NO! BUT IF HE IS THE  
GUILTY PARTY, BY DOING  
SO HE'S MADE THE CASE  
AGAINST YOU STRONGER!  
WHO STEALS FIVE  
DOLLARS MUST HAVE  
FOR DOING SO. I'M  
TO SEE WHAT I CAN  
FIND OUT ABOUT  
BUCK HAMMER!

A MAN WHO STEALS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS MUST HAVE A REASON FOR DOING SO. I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT ABOUT BUCK HAMMER!

## SHORTLY AFTER....

SO FAR I'VE DISCOVERED  
NOTHING AGAINST BUCK  
DON'T HAVE ANY DEBTS,  
SINGING. HE HASN'T BOUGHT  
A HOUSE OR EVEN MADE A  
TRIP TO THE BANK LATELY. I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT I'M  
GONNA TALK WITH  
HIM SOON!


**AND BILL'S RIGHT---THE CONVERSATION DOESN'T GET HIM ANYWHERE!**

FER THE LAST TIME, BOYD, I'M TELLING YUH I NEVER TOLD LEM HE COULD BORROW THE TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! NOW I DON'T AIM TO ANSWER ANY MORE QUESTIONS AND THAT'S FINAL!

WE'LL BE SEEING

WE'LL BE  
SEEING  
EACH  
OTHER  
AGAIN,  
BUCK!

**AS BILL RIDES BACK INTO TOWN!**



WAIT A SECOND! THAT PROSPEROUS-LOOKING DUDE LOOKS LIKE DUKE. THE PRISONER I SPOKE TO AFTER SHERIFF COBB WAS KILLED!

HOLD ON, DUKE!  
THERE'S A QUESTION  
I'D LIKE TO ASK  
WHERE'D YOU GET  
THE MONEY TO BUY  
THOSE FANCY DRESS  
AND THAT HORSE

B-B-BILL  
B-BOYD!  
ER--I  
DIDN'T  
SEE YUH  
RIDE UP!  
ER--ER--I  
BORROWED  
THE MONEY  
FROM AN  
UNCLE!

BORROWED IT, EH? I'D LIKE TO MEET THAT  
UNCLE, DUKE. START RIDING!  
I'LL FOLLOW!

YO'RE NOT FOLLOWING  
ANYONE! GIDDAP!

MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!

**SNAP!**

# WESTERN HERO

BUT FORTUNATELY THE BLOW WAS MORE STINGING THAN DAMAGING AND IN A FEW SECONDS.....



DUKE'S GOT A HEAD START ON US, MIDNITE, BUT WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! ALL THAT MONEY HE HAS MAKES ME SUSPECT THAT HE'S CONNECTED WITH THE LAZY J ROBBERY!

THE CHASE LEADS TO THE BULLET HOLE TRAIL.....



HE'S GOING TO TAKE COVER BEHIND THAT PROTRUDING ROCK, MIDNITE!



WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME COVER, TOO!

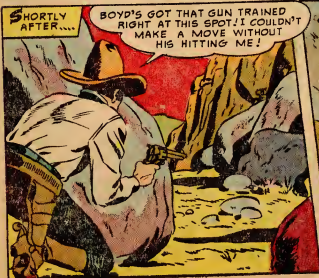
BANG! BANG!



NOW I CAN'T REACH DUKE AND HE CAN'T REACH ME! THIS IS A DEAD END UNLESS I CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO REACH HIM WITHOUT MAKING MYSELF THE PERFECT TARGET!

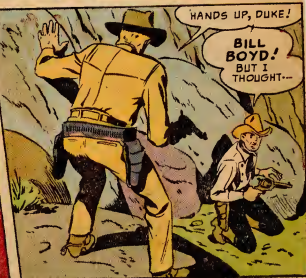


I'VE GOT IT! IF I JUST LEAVE MY GUN SHOWING, DUKE WILL THINK I'M STILL HERE AND BE AFRAID TO MAKE A MOVE! IN THE MEANTIME, MAYBE I CAN CIRCLE AROUND HIM!



SHORTLY AFTER....

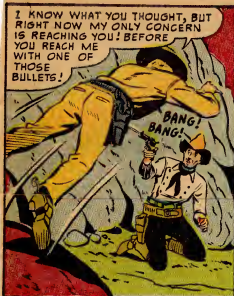
BOYD'S GOT THAT GUN TRAINED RIGHT AT THIS SPOT! I COULDN'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT HIS HITTING ME!

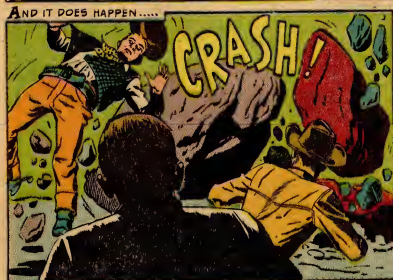


HANDS UP, DUKE!

BILL BOYD! BUT I THOUGHT--







LATER, AFTER DUKE AND BUCK ARE SAFELY BEHIND BARS!

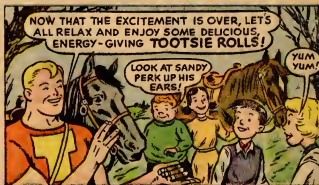


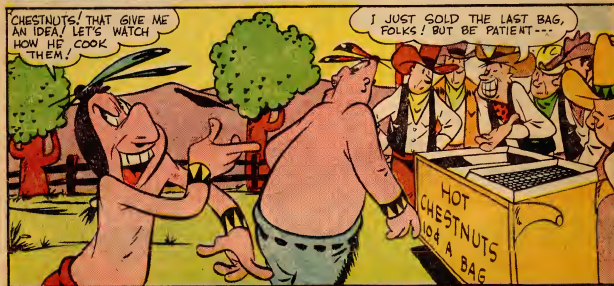
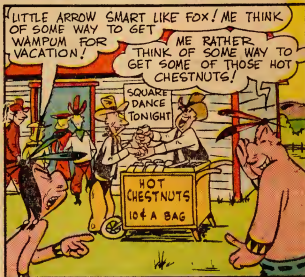
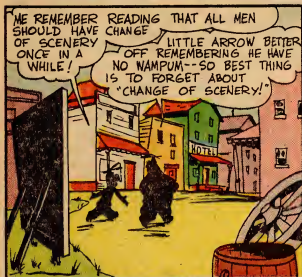
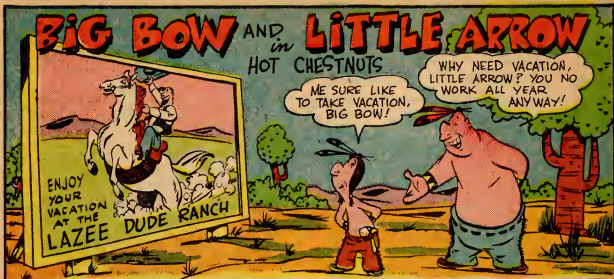


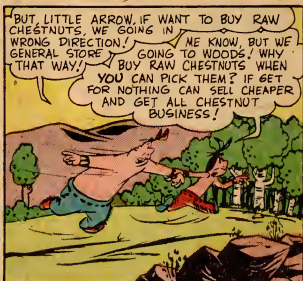
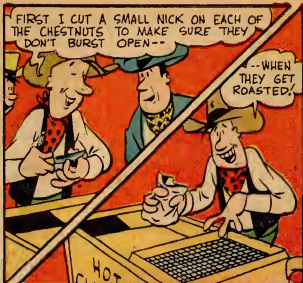


# Captain Tootsie

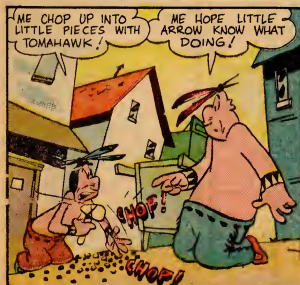
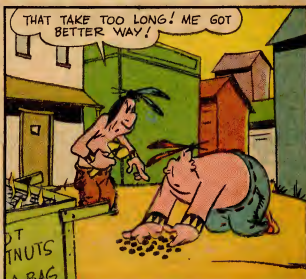
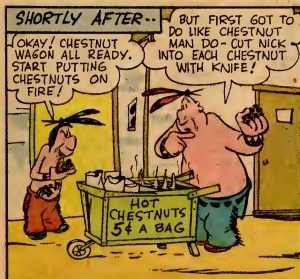
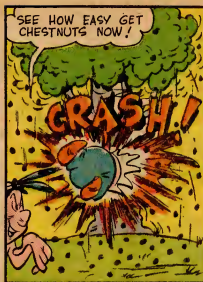
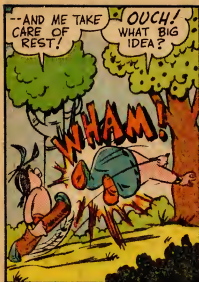
**CATCHES RUN-AWAY HORSE**  
By BILL SCHREIBER



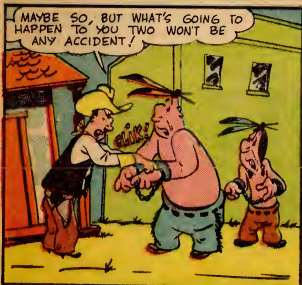
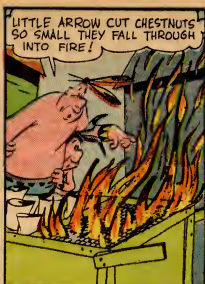
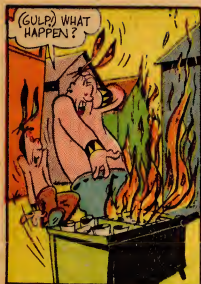








# WESTERN HERO





# MONTE HALE

## MEETS THE MINSTREL MAN

OH, I SING AND DANCE ALL DAY!  
AND I LOVE TO ROB OR PLAY  
FOR I'M THE MINSTREL MA-A-A-N!

YOU'LL NEVER  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS!



AS DUKK FALLS  
IN A SMALL  
WESTERN TOWN....

I SHORE WOULD  
LIKE TO SEE THE  
MINSTREL SHOW  
TONIGHT, HAVEN'T  
SEEN ONE SINCE  
I WAS A BOY!

COME ONE  
TO COME ALL!  
SEE THE  
MINSTREL  
MAN  
AT THIS  
THEATRE  
TONIGHT  
ADMISSION

WHY DON'T  
YOU BUY A  
TICKET,  
SHERIFF?

CAN'T DO IT, MONTE! I'M  
GUARDING THE PAYROLL FOR  
THE GUERRA MINE COMPANY!  
IT'S BEING SHIPPED OUT ON  
THE FIRST STAGECOACH  
IN THE MORNING!

EXPECTING  
TROUBLE?

THEATRE







THE SOUND OF THE MINSTREL MAN'S VOICE STIRS MONTE HALE BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS...



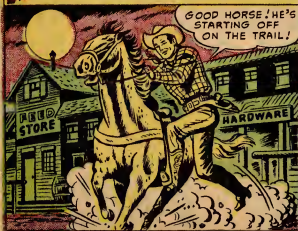
HE'S ALL RIGHT! JUST STUNNED BY THE EXPLOSION! THAT SINGING OWLHOOT DYNAMITED THE BANK AND STOLE THE PAYROLL!



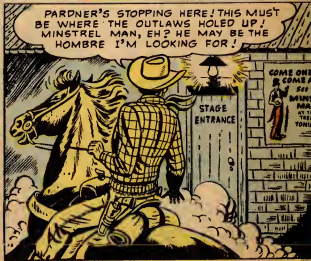
I'LL NEVER FIND HIM NOW! WAIT! PARDNER SAW WHERE HE WENT!



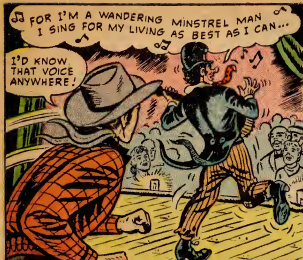
MONTE HALE'S WONDER HORSE HAS HELPED HIM IN MANY A SIMILAR SITUATION.....

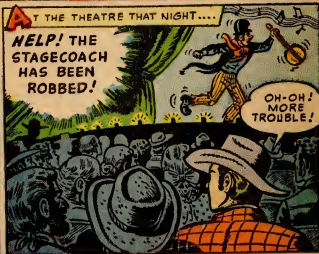
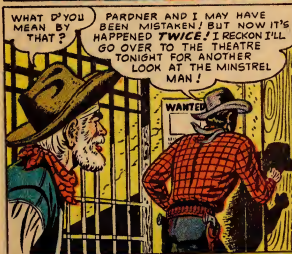


PARDNER'S STOPPING HERE! THIS MUST BE WHERE THE OUTLAWS HOLED UP! MINSTREL MAN, EH? HE MAY BE THE HOMBRE I'M LOOKING FOR!

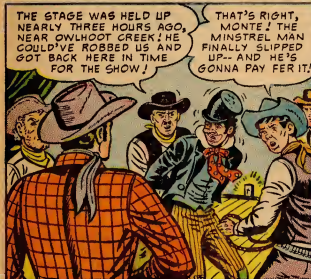


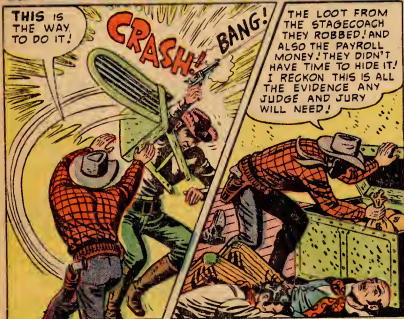










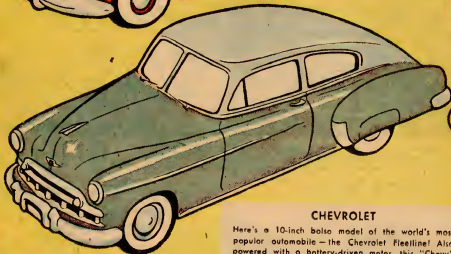
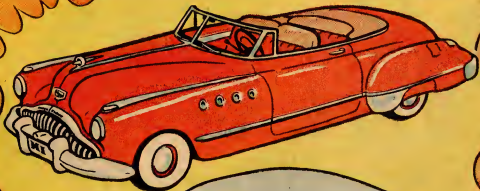


**HEY GANG!**  
 LET'S BUILD THESE  
 ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED  
 MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH  
**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED**  
 FULL SIZE PLANS!



#### BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



#### CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

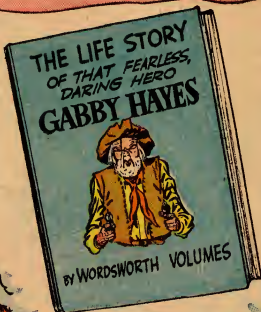
#### HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number



# GABBY HAYES

AND THE  
**KNIGHT  
OF  
TERROR!**



**G**ABBY HAYES, FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, DAYDREAMS THAT HIS LIFE STORY WOULD MAKE AN EXCITING BOOK. FOR SURE, THERE'D BE ONE HAIR-RAISING CHAPTER, HIS SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE WITH THE **KNIGHT OF TERROR!**

**WESTER'S CALL SHATTERS HIS DREAMS!**

GABBY, YOU'D BETTER GIT A MOVE ON IF YOU AIM TO MEET THE STAGE AND PICK UP THAT AUTHOR FELLER!

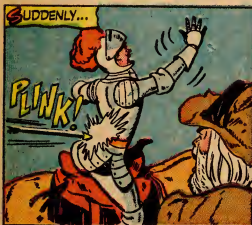
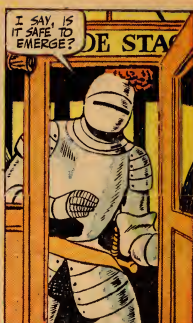


**GABBY "GITS A MOVE ON!"**

WORDSWORTH VOLUMES HAS COME ALL THE WAY FROM ENGLAND TO WRITE A BOOK ABOUT THE WEST! I'LL TELL HIM ALL ABOUT MYSELF AND HE CAN WRITE A DOZEN BOOKS!



# WESTERN HERO





GABBY SPRAWLS HELPLESSLY AS THE "SAVAGE" GALLOPS UP!



ME ONLY TRY TO SAVE FRIEND GABBY FROM TERRIBLE IRON MONSTER!

IRON MONSTER? HO, HO!

CHIEF, YUH SCARED THAT IRON MONSTER PLUMB OUT OF HIS WITS! I GOT TO KETCH HIM AFORE HE RIDES THAT HOSS, CLEAR BACK TO ENGLAND!



MEANWHILE, THE AUTHOR'S MOUNT INSTINCTIVELY RETURNS TO THE RANCH! AUNT HESTER IS BEING A GOOD HOSTESS!



A LITTLE LATER!

NOW THAT YOU'VE EATEN, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!

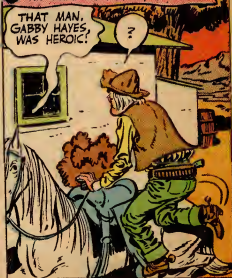
WE WERE ATTACKED BY A HUNDRED SAVAGE INDIANS WHO APPROACHED WITH BLOOD-CURDLING YELLS!



I WAS READY TO FIGHT THEM OFF, BUT MY STEED BOLTED!



OUTSIDE, GABBY DISMOUNTS FROM HIS KNEELING HORSE, CORKER!



SINGLE-HANDED, HAYES FOUGHT A REAR GUARD ACTION, SHOOTING DOWN INDIANS ONE AFTER ANOTHER.



I WAS AIMING TO TELL HIM THAT REDSKIN WAS ONLY MY FRIEND. CHIEF TROUBLE! BUT IT'S BETTER THE WAY HE TELLS IT!



WE MUST GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL!

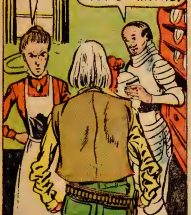
GABBY? DEAD!

NOT ME! TAKES MOREN A HUNDRED INJUNS TO STOP GABBY HAYES!



HUMPH! NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!

I SAY, COULD I SEE MY ROOM? I MUST DO A SPOT OF WRITING!



GABBY, DOUBLING AS BELLHOP, SHOWS WORDSWORTH TO HIS ROOM AND...

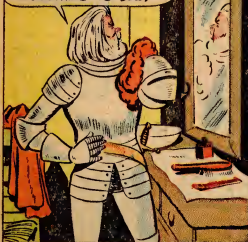
MY GOOD MAN, WILL YOU HAVE MY SUIT PRESSED—ER, POLISHED?



WONDER HOW I'D LOOK IN THIS?



I RECKON I'LL RIDE INTO TOWN AND GIVE THE BOYS SOMETHING TO SEE!



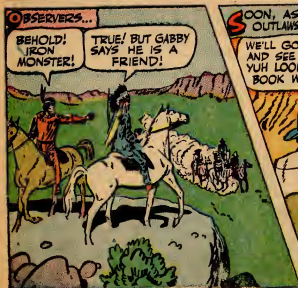
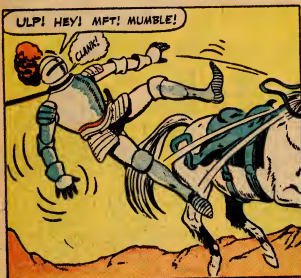
IN TOWN, WORD HAS ALREADY SPREAD ABOUT THE STRANGE "KNIGHT"!

HE'S A FAMOUS BOOK-WRITER!

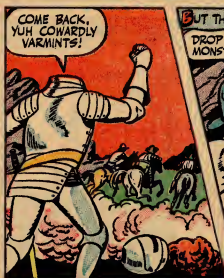
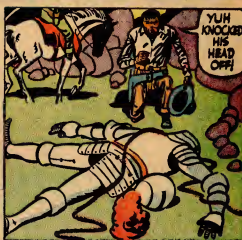
HE'S RICH!

LET'S GIT HIM!

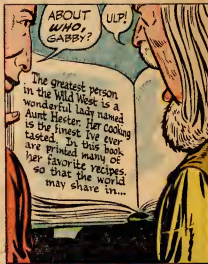
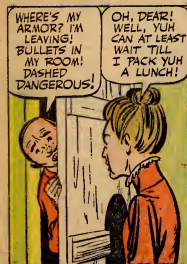
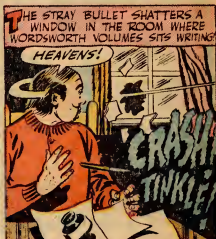
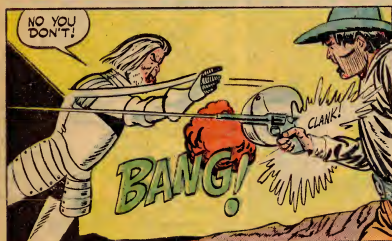
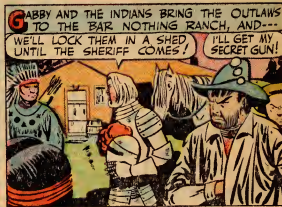


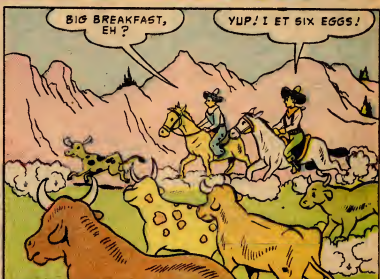
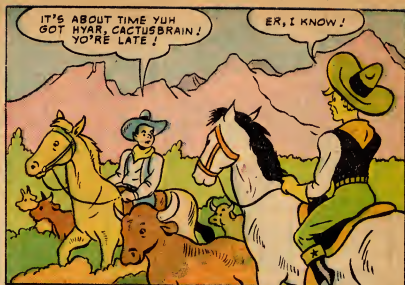


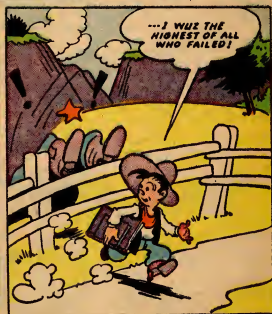
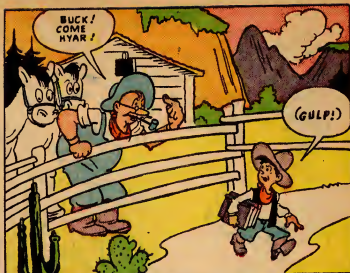
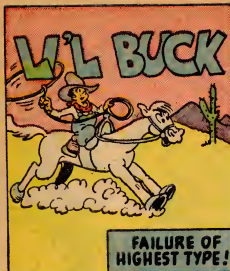
















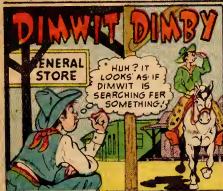
BIGGER'N BETTER BUBBLES-

PRICE-A PENNY A PIECE.

AN' THE SQUARE WRAP KEEPS THE FUNNIES FLAT--

1¢

FRANK H. FLEER CORP. PHILADELPHIA 41, PENNA.





# LAST FAREWELL

A RED ROAN Story

By Dick Kraus



**S**LEEK and glossy in the bright sunlight, the wild horse herd moved slowly down over the mesa, toward the prairie floor.

In the lead was Red Roan, the graceful stallion that had ruled the herd for many years. But, close behind the crimson bronc, loped a younger horse—a midnight black stallion with a white star-shaped spot on his forehead.

As he reached the level prairie, Red Roan turned to watch the herd go by. Seeing the great black steed, his heart was filled with pride. For this horse, known as White Star, was his son and would some day be king of the herd in his own right.

Through the day, the wild horse herd continued to graze, moving slowly across the valley floor. As the sun began to disappear behind the distant ridge of mountains, Red Roan suddenly lifted his arched neck.

Over the swell of grazing land he could see a herd of steers and several riders. Galloping hard, the riders were hazing the cattle together, lashing them with their lariats, and waving their sombreros to urge them on.

Standing there and watching them, Red Roan was troubled. For the great roan stallion knew that this land was the property of his friend Rob Raeburn, and that these steers belonged to the young rancher. He knew too that the men who were rounding them up were strangers, and they seemed to be in a great hurry to move the cattle out.

"There is something wrong," Red Roan mused. "The human, Raeburn, is my friend. He has helped me many times—and he should know of this."

Wheeling suddenly, the crimson bronc turned toward White Star. A shrill whinny told the young stallion of his father's intention. "I am

going, White Star! Take care of the herd," Red Roan commanded. "Stay with them till my return."

Then, mane flying in the sharp prairie breeze, Red Roan turned away in the direction of the ranch house. He would have to find Rob Raeburn, and somehow warn him of the men who were rounding up his cattle.

His long, powerful legs stretched out, until he was almost skimming across the plain. In the distance now he could see the flat ranch buildings.

"Look, Rob. We've got a visitor!"

Standing by the corral fence, Clem Daniels, the ranch foreman, pointed off onto the prairie. "See what's coming. It's Red Roan, and he's heading straight for us!"

Lanky Rob Raeburn squinted into the twilight

"Jehoshaphat, you're right, Clem!" he grunted. "But he's never come this close before, unless he's needed help. I wonder what's wrong—lobos, maybe?"

**C**OMING to an abrupt stop, a scant hundred yards from the corral, Red Roan tossed his head and whinnied loudly. Nervously, he kept wheeling and starting toward the hills—and each time he kept turning and coming back.

Rob Raeburn slapped the rough-barked corral fence.

"Boys," he said, "that bronc wants us to follow him—and if I know Red Roan, he's got a blamed good reason. Saddle up, pronto."

The youthful cowman's word was law. Swiftly, his waddies saddled up and flung themselves across their mounts. When Red Roan saw that they were ready to follow him, he set out across the prairie. Kneeing their ponies into the pur-

suit, the ranchmen followed close behind him.

"I don't get it, Rob," Clem Daniel grunted. "Where do you figure he's heading?"

"Don't know," Rob Raeburn replied. "But I'd trust Red Roan anywhere, and if he has something to show us, I want to see it!"

For twenty minutes they rode hard. Then, as they topped a gentle rise, Raeburn suddenly threw out his arm.

"Look! Down there! A bunch of rannies rounding up our cattle. They're rustlers, and they've got close to five hundred head there!" His sinewy hand flashed down to his gunbelt, and pulled out his heavy Colt. "Quick!" he ordered. "Spread out and cut them off."

**S**PURRING hard, Rob Raeburn's men sped down the slope toward the rustlers. And, as they hurtled into the attack, Red Roan was with them, ready to do his share.

Suddenly aware of their peril, the cattle rustlers reined their horses back in swift panic.

"Cowboys coming toward us!" one of them shouted. "Grab your irons, boys—and gun 'em!"

Desperately firing, the rustlers tried to beat a safe retreat. But Rob Raeburn's riders were upon them before they could organize themselves. Three of the outlaws slumped to the ground, wounded—and the others threw their hands high.

"Don't shoot," one of them gasped. "We give up! You've got us!"

Moments later, Clem Daniels reined his horse toward his young boss. "We've got them all, Rob," he laughed triumphantly. "A few of them nicked, but not bad. The sheriff'll sure be glad to see them." The smile suddenly left his face. "Red Roan . . . on the ground! What happened?"

The crimson steed was lying on the prairie grass, head half-raised. Beside him crouched Rob Raeburn, stroking the roan's glossy side.

"He got winged in the leg by one of the rustlers' bullets," the rancher said grimly. "He's trying to get up, but he hasn't been able to make it."

Silently, the two men stood by, as Red Roan tossed his head. Slowly and painfully, the wild stallion managed to heave himself up, until he was erect. But one leg was held high. Rob Raeburn bent to examine it.

"A tendon's severed." He shook his head. "We can take him back to the ranch and nurse him until he's well. But he'll never be able to climb those hills again, or to gallop with the herd the way he used to. Looks as if we'll have to keep him on the ranch from now on—as an honored guest."

"I reckon it's just as well," Clem Daniels said.

"Just as well? What do you mean?"

The foreman pointed at a distant slope, where the wild horses were watching. At their head stood the tall black bronc, White Star. "See that midnight horse?" Clem Daniels asked. "It's Red Roan's son. Sooner or later, they would have had to fight for the leadership of the herd. It's the way wild horses are. Being older, chances are Red Roan would have been driven off, left to die alone."

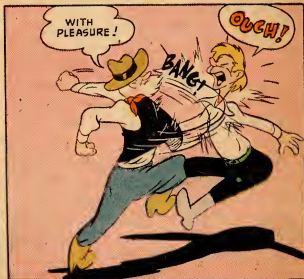
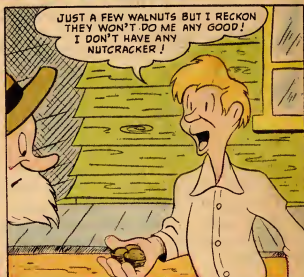
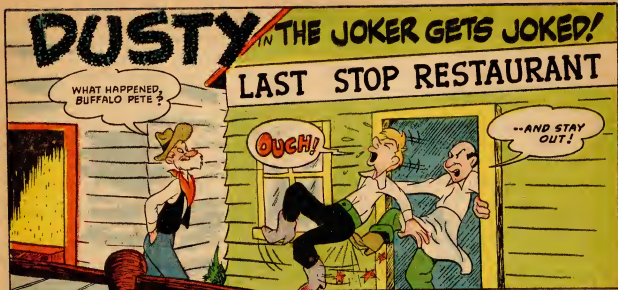
**R**OB reached out and stroked the stallion's velvety neck reassuringly. "This way, his son can take over the herd right now. And Red Roan will stay with us, among his friends."

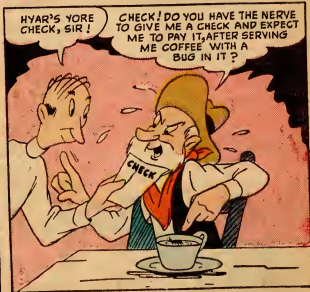
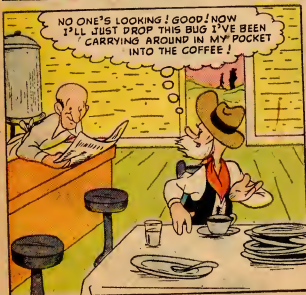
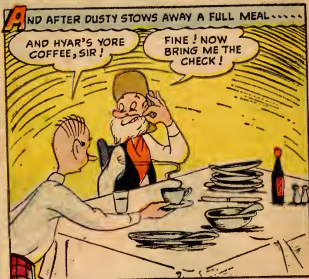
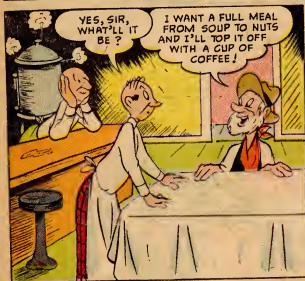
The crimson stallion seemed to understand what they were saying. He knew that his leg would keep him from ever ruling the herd again. And he realized too that his son, White Star, had the blood of kings in him—that he would be a fine leader for the herd. Red Roan lifted his head and neighed once, loud and clear. "Good-bye," he was calling to the herd. "Goodbye."

Then, not sadly, he turned to Rob Raeburn and lowered his head to the man's shoulder. "Let's go home," he seemed to say.

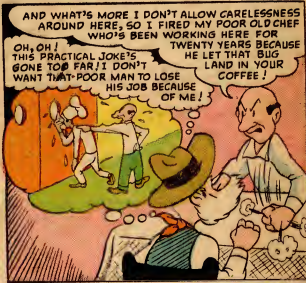
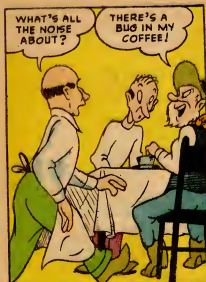
THE END

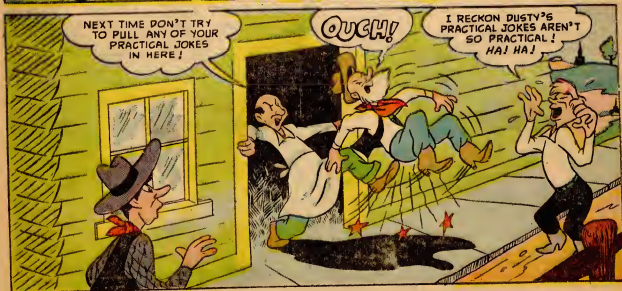
*Hit the trail for new, exciting adventures when you meet SLIM CARSON OF THE BORDER PATROL in the next issue of WESTERN HERO.*











# TOM MIX *and* The HYPNOTIST

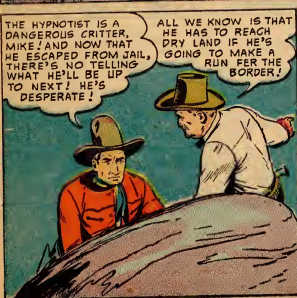


HE SHOULD BE  
COMING SOON,  
MIKE!

YO'RE RIGHT,  
AND THAR'S ONE SHORE  
THING IN OUR FAVOR, TOM!  
HE'LL BE UNABLE TO SPOT  
US UP HERE!

THE HYPNOTIST IS A  
DANGEROUS CRITTER,  
MIKE! AND NOW THAT  
HE ESCAPED FROM JAIL,  
THERE'S NO TELLING  
WHAT HE'LL BE UP  
TO NEXT! HE'S  
DESPERATE!

ALL WE KNOW IS THAT  
HE HAS TO REACH  
DRY LAND IF HE'S  
GOING TO MAKE A  
RUN FER THE  
BORDER!



IT'S A SURE THING HE'S GOING  
TO TRY TO LAND ON THE COAST!  
WE HAVE A POSSE STATIONED  
ALL ALONG THIS AREA!





UNLESS HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE WORKING WITH HIM FROM THE LAND HE COULDN'T HAVE MADE HIS GETAWAY! THAT'S WHY I PLANTED THE STORY THAT NOBODY WOULD BE ON GUARD IN THIS AREA!



THET'S TO MAKE 'EM OPINE IT'S SAFE TO LAND HYAR! THET WUZ A GOOD IDEA, TOM!

BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF A BOAT OUT THAR! DO YUH RECKON THET WE JEST FIGGERED THINGS WRONG?



IT'S POSSIBLE!

WAIT... MIKE! THERE'S SOMEONE OUT THERE SENDING SIGNALS! GET YOUR SIX-SHOOTER READY!



HE'S SIGNALING TO SOMEONE ON SHORE HYAR, TOM! IT MUST BE THE HYPNOTIST! HE FELL FER OUR TRAP!



LOOK, IT IS THE HYPNOTIST! LET'S GIT HIM!



**B**UT SHERIFF MIKE SHAW IS OVER-EAGER, AND....

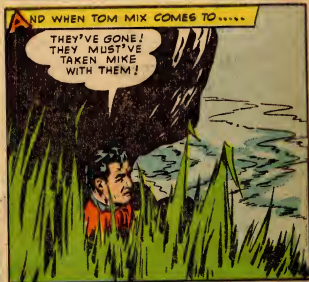
OOPS --- I SLIPPED!

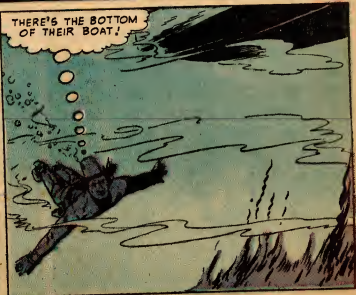
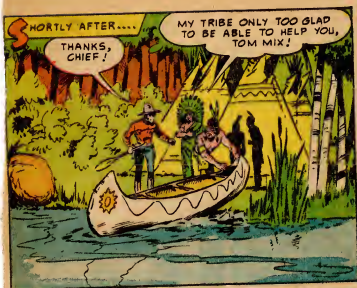
WATCH OUT, MIKE!



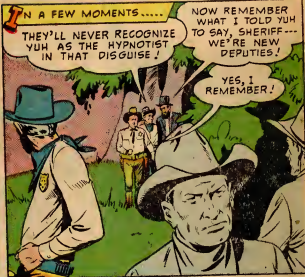
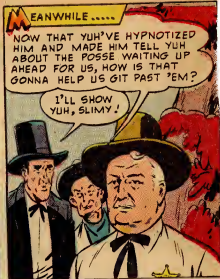
I GOT THE SIGNAL FROM THE HYPNOTIST--- IT'S A TRAP! THAR'S TOM MIX!









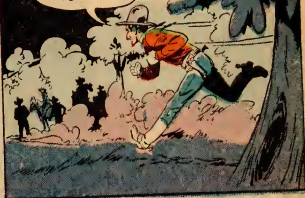


C'MON, LET'S GIT A MOVE ON!  
THET HYPNOTIST IS A MIGHTY  
DANGEROUS CRITTER!



AT THE SAME TIME.....

IF THEY LANDED AROUND HERE  
MAYBE I CAN SPOT THEM! THEY  
DIDN'T HAVE ANY HORSES SO  
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE  
VERY FAR!



THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE  
BY HERE WITHOUT BEING  
SEEN BY THE POSSE!



DID ANY OF YOU  
SEE SHERIFF MIKE  
SHAW AND THE  
HYPNOTIST  
PASS THROUGH  
HERE?

WE SAW THE SHERIFF, ALL  
RIGHT, BUT THE ONLY MEN  
WITH HIM WERE TWO  
NEW DEPUTIES!



HE EVIDENTLY HYPNOTIZED  
MIKE! QUICK, GIVE ME  
ONE OF YOUR  
HORSES!

HYAR, TAKE  
MINE!



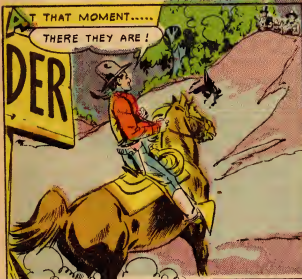
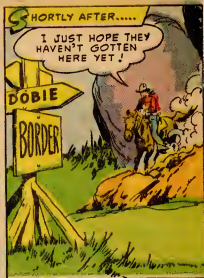
WHICH WAY  
DID THEY GO?

OVER THE RIDGE,  
TOWARD THE  
BORDER,  
TOM!

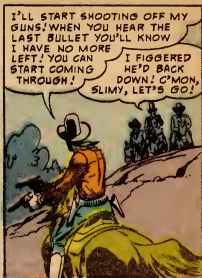


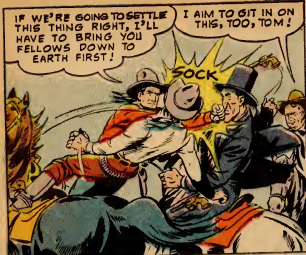
THERE ARE SO MANY  
DIFFERENT ROADS LEADING  
TO THE BORDER I WONDER  
WHICH ONE THEY TOOK!











**TOM MIX IS ON THE AIR!**

BROADCAST FROM COAST TO COAST OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY AT 3:30 P.M.

DYNAMIC  
**ACTION**  
WITH YOUR FAVORITE  
WESTERN-COMICS  
HERO

# NOW YOU CAN "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB!



Yes—EVERY Auto Repair Job is a "Snap"—with This Big, BRAND-NEW, Time-Saving, Money-Saving Manual. Shows You How to Service and Repair ANY Part of ANY Standard Car, Including 1949 Models!

**D**ON'T waste time and patience trying to "dope out" difficult car repairs! Just look up make, model, and job in **MoToR's AUTO REPAIR MANUAL**—and you can "whiz" through ANY job in almost no time. Clear, illustrated instructions lead you step by step all the way.

## See How Much You Get!

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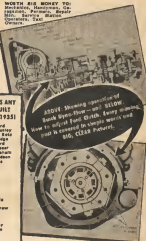
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